

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 10.

HER HAIR!

BY JAY A. BARRETT.

A form with every grace enriched; blue eyes so sweet and tender;
A charming face, a floating step, that naught but health could lend her;
A winking curve on dimpled mouth, and ah! such silvery laughter!

But, better still, her glorious hair that proudly flows after,
Rich waving wealth of golden hue, low sloping from her shoulder,
To catch the sun-ray's brightest touch, and in its light grow bolder,
Till, as the breeze with fingers coy, plays in the heavy tresses,
And tossed on the airy breeze those curls in wild caresses.

Stay, wanton wind, thy careless hand! Be softer in thy pressure;
Deal gently with my maiden's hair, for 'tis indeed a treasure;
No crown of queen, no gems of Ind, e'er gave such regal beauty—
Perhaps too sacred for my touch, 'tis not, free wind, thy booty!

And so I envy even the breeze that o'er all bounds transgresses,
Totally unapproached, I ween, amid those faultless tresses;
Then, "from afar" I'll worship her in silent satisfaction,
That maiden fair whose glorious hair is her first grand attraction.

WRONG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER X. A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

Nina Ducrest slept soundly until late the next morning. When she did start up at last it was with such a bewildering remembrance of the past day that she still fancied herself laboring under some strange dream.

She had been sleeping in hay-ricks and under cow-sheds on the greater part of her journey, and now to be in a sheeted bed, with a warm fire blazing on the hearth, was more than she could realize.

She got up, untied her bundle, and put on her best dress, and then she sat down before the fire with a low laugh.

"And to think I might have been this way," she said, "but for those two. Can any one wonder that I hate them? I might even have it now, but that the thought of seeing them chained for their crimes is sweeter than all the luxuries of life. And Caspar Lenox! What very curious circumstances are we, that he, the soul of honor, the proud, chivalrous boy, should by the treachery of a woman become an outlaw, burning to commit the worst of crimes! The first time I saw him with Arnold Leslie, I would have imagined from his bearing that the crown of a king could not have tempted him from the rigid path of duty.

Yet now, renouncing to the world his very name, he bears concealed in his belt the murderous blade, ready to expiate his crime on the gallows if he may but say at last, 'I have punished the betrayer of Leonora Danvers.'

"Arnold Leslie, the son of a great rich man in his native city, found him a sprightly lad, struggling against the poverty that had cramped all his energies, and with a princely liberality had taken him to mighty universities as his friend and equal, never letting his left hand know that his right was dispensing so great a charity."

"You will pay me back," the young noble had said to the young genius, and Caspar Lenox had sworn that he would. Now Caspar Lenox had dared to love Leonora Danvers, the beautiful niece and ward of another prince of that moneyed *bon ton* in America; and she, under bonds of secrecy, had promised him her hand as soon as he should have made an honest start in life; but on a visit to some gay resort, while Lenox worked at his profession, she met the princely patron, Leslie, and decided that he should be her destiny. She sent for Lenox one day, and told him that she loved his benefactor, who, however, would never see her again did he but dream that duty and honor were alike binding her to him, and she prayed him to secure her happiness by pretending that he and she had all the while been but friends. I shall never forget his look when he answered, 'You are free, Leonora; I must secure Arnold Leslie's happiness at any sacrifice of my own.' Selfish as I was I must have had more feeling than she, for I dropped a tear to his sorrows even then, while she married Arnold Leslie the very next day. But I, too, still had my hopes. Louis Dupre would return to his allegiance, and I should be eternally blessed."

"I am sure the fates must have pursued us to avenge the wrongs of Caspar Lenox. Our clever lady became involved in scandals. Leslie grew insanely jealous; she with the nature of Annie Boleyn,

and he with much of the tyranny of Henry VIII., and from loving he must have learned to hate her with all the intensity of his nature. Their fierce discords became known to all their friends; going on from bad to worse, until she was found murdered, as the evidence proves, by the very man who had once sworn to love and cherish her. Caspar Lenox knew, and it is to bring him to justice that he is now roaming the continents, while I follow to avenge the unnatural wrongs of Louis on that circle, Miriam—"

"Ah! you are up." It was her landlady who interrupted her in her reverie as she looked in. "Your breakfast has been ready quite a while, and when you are done the gentleman wishes to see you."

The woman's breakfast was a hearty one. She had learned to be selfish, and her idea was that since she must pay for what she ate, it would be well in her to consume the full value of her money; and when she had finished, she tied the remnant in a bundle.

"This is to be my dinner," she was saying, when Caspar Lenox came in. "I had appointed a rendezvous there with Gordon in case I failed elsewhere. It is much nearer the continent of America. Would you like to go? My means are limited, for those who once professed to care for me have no means to help, and must have imagined me dead these many months, but I think I can manage it if you will be content to fare roughly. We might help each other; but to do this one thing is necessary."

"And what is that?"

"The world must believe you my wife."

"What?" she cried, aghast.

"Ah, ha!" he laughed; "we have no tender feeling for each other, and so there is no danger of either of us growing foolish. I wish you to have a right through the law to claim my name. There is no chance of either of us wishing to marry any one else, I presume, so we can go around here to some of these churches and have the legal part of the performance over in a few moments. Then we go our separate ways, unless the purposes of our mutual revenge call us together. To pursue our plans this is necessary. What say you?"

The woman seemed to hesitate.

"Don't be a fool!" growled Lenox. "Do you think my regard for you prompts me to this? Woman, you are less to me than the dust beneath my feet, except where you might help me to my revenge! I am sure I shall need you, and you might as well have died on the road yesterday, so far as your being able to overtake Miriam Dupre alone is concerned. You will never do it."

"Don't give her that name!" cried Nina, springing up. "She has no right to it, under heaven! Call her Miriam Rose. Still, let her disgrace the name her false father gave her, not that. Come, I hesitate no longer. Do as you will, only enable me to find her. Come to the church or the gallows, I care not which it be."

With this understanding they went out together; and thus upon the terms arranged did these two beings, whose bosoms not one impulse of affinity warmed, take upon themselves the sacred names of husband and of wife.

"Will you come now, or wait?" he said, simply, as they went back.

"Wait," she answered. "Were there no other reason, I should not dare permit you, Caspar Lenox, to pay for me on the way, unless assured that I could serve you. Heaven would cast me out for food to the sharks if I did. No, as you said, go on your way, and let me go mine, until I can meet you. I shall work for the means here, and then I am coming."

"We will hear from each other, then," he said, "and promise that if either gain tidings of him or of her, it shall be communicated at once."

"Yes," she answered. "I shall be here, and you can send me your address from time to time."

"It will be Nemesis," he replied, hoarsely, "for I shall live to be avenged. And now, farewell!" He clasped her hand in confirmation of their bond of hatred for others, and that was their adieu.

A few hours more, and the wanderer was on shipboard, out on the blue sea, and Nina remained alone through the strange town.

She purchased a paper, and applied at a hotel for a servant's place. She talked well and looked brisk. They asked for her papers.

"I have none," answered the adventuress. "I have come a long distance across the country, reaching here only on yesterday. I had an object in coming here, and that being accomplished, I wish eventually to work my way back. See, you can take me a week on trial. Do not pay me anything for that time, and at its expiration, if you are not pleased, I will go."

This was before the landlady and her daughters.

The former hesitated. The week's wages were something, but how could she tell that the woman would not steal twice the value of the amount? There were two girls in the room, to whom the mother turned in doubt.

"Come," said Nina. "These young ladies were speaking of a dance to-night, as I entered. I can save your expenses there. Only let me put a comb in their beautiful hair, and you shall find that I can arrange a coiffure as becoming as any Parisian *modiste*."

"I am sure, mamma, you might take her on trial," whispered the elder of the daughters. "We were just in despair about our curls. We can keep every thing under lock and key until we find her out."

This was what he wrote:

"The box is well packed, and I have enclosed my money and of yours. They are both on this side the water, as I suspected, where they hope to escape. The post will find them sooner than the grave of an unknown man."

grace, but we will dig it up, and cast the death's head before them when they least suspect it. The sea will swallow both, as you feared, and has increased again our high in power and influence, when even you would not believe, though I, too, had begun to imagine her capable of almost anything."

By this time Nina had won a fair reputation. She had heard of an American gentleman on the eve of embarking with his family for Jamaica. She applied at once, and procured the position of nurse on the voyage. They reached their destination in safety, and Nina crossed at once into Cuba.

She found Caspar Lenox prepared to sail for New York the next day.

"I could not have waited for you," he cried. "Arnold Leslie has at last been arrested, but she, I fear, has secured a position where we will find it next to impossible to reach her."

They had landed in New York just three days previous to the return of Eugene Danvers and his beautiful wife.

CHAPTER XI. OVERTAKEN.

Arnold Leslie had been dead to the world for eight years past.

One year after his marriage he had lost his fortune, and, overcome with shame, had studiously renounced the name he had inherited from his ancestors, and removed with his wife to a distant city.

His friends, or those who had been such, believed, and perhaps, hoped that they were both in their graves, with the exception of Captain Gordon or James Graham, Caspar Lenox, and one or two others whom we may presently introduce.

In this city, Arnold Leslie had been always known as Wallace Dare. Here, some two years previous to the opening of our story, his wife had been found dead, under circumstances which pointed emphatically to him as the perpetrator of the deed. He had, naturally, fled from the pursuit of justice, but under the vigilance of Captain Gordon and his employees, he had at length overtaken him. They alone were aware of the fact that the name by which he and his crimes became known to the public, had only been assumed within the last few years. Caspar Lenox knew that there were unmountable reasons why Arnold should suffer under his new name, rather than resume the old, or appeal to his former friends, and he himself would perchance rather than have one word revealed that might open any possible avenue of escape.

Lenox hurried to Rochester, and found to his dismay, that one of the principal witnesses was absent.

His friend, Ned Paine, who alone could give the required information, was in S— for a day or so. S— was a country town some twenty miles distant, with no regular mode of conveyance except at long intervals. So Lenox procured a swift horse, and started off in hot haste.

Nearly two hours later he dashed at full gallop into the town. The good, easy-going inhabitants stared after him, as though they expected to hear the cry stop thief! echoing from behind him. They could scarcely conceive the possibility of a rational man building over the town at such a rate for any other reason than to escape a prison, or to fetch home a doctor for some dying member of his family. But Caspar

Lenox thought no more of these holders than he had done of the wind that had whistled about him on the journey. He had stopped only once to inquire the way to a public hostelry, and on he sped until the doors of the inn were reached. Here he threw the reins to a stable boy, and leaped to the pavement. The horse stood panting for breath and reeking with perspiration.

"Where is the master?" he asked, huskily. "This is as true a horse as ever bore rider. He must be carefully rubbed down and well fed."

"Aye!" muttered a groom to the stable boy, as Caspar turned towards the office. "True, indeed! for had I been the horse to bear such a rider, I should have dashed him among the trees like another Alcazon, until he would have been glad enough to take a gentleman's pace. The master would see you whistling before you'd ride a horse of his like that."

Caspar Lenox stepped up to the head groom and delivered the animal, with renewed instructions.

"When will you use him again, sir?" asked the groom.

"Possibly in a few hours, perhaps not before daylight, I cannot say. Only have him in readiness." He had moved off a few paces, when he turned suddenly and spoke again. "It is more than probable that in an hour from now I shall wish to obtain of you the fleetest horse and the surest messenger to bear some intelligence of the utmost importance to the sheriff of the county at Rochester. I will pay well."

"All right, sir, we can supply you," he answered.

"I have come here as a stranger, to transact some business that must be done quickly. Do you chance to know the residence of one George Blount, a countryman, here?"

"I know of George Blount, a bricklayer by trade," said the man, eyeing him rather more closely.

"Well, a bricklayer in God's name," said Caspar, impatiently. "Let him be what you will, I care not for his profession."

"Nor I," muttered the groom, "for the less any honest man knows of him, in my opinion, the better. Now let me see," he continued aloud, "how to the stable boy, 'does not George Blount, the bricklayer, live at the white cottage on the hill?'"

"Then," said the groom, "I will lead you to his house. He can show you the house."

"I will wait for you, the man whose business brought him here, if it be not his own, has a pretty tight rope around his neck to send him at that speed," muttered the groom, "for it was not long that brought him, I'll swear, and I don't think from his sullen, handsome face, that it was for money."

Meantime, Joe, the stable boy, trotted briskly on, in some terror, lest the horseman's heavy boots should scrape the skin from his heels, as the stranger kept immediately behind him.

"How came you to know the house?" asked Caspar, at length, as he glanced to glance down at the boy.

"I've been there," was the laconic answer.

"So I suppose, you young varmint," said the traveler, hotly, as he fancied that he detected a lurking expression of mischief in the boy's face. "George Blount must have gone down, indeed, to



"Captain Graham killed!" repeating the words like some one striving to comprehend an impossible truth. "Tell me that again," she whispered, hoarsely, "and your fortune shall be made."

have any need of you. What do you go there for?"

"To show the way, mister."

Caspar Lenox raised his riding whip to strike him a blow, but as the boy had skipped nimbly out of reach, he prudently curbed his rash impulse, and forbore.

"No trifling with me, boy, as you value a whole hide. What did you ever do there?"

"Drove up the cow."

"And the cow was guided by an ass. Do you see the owner of the house—the bricklayer?"

"No," said the boy, looking innocently up the street.

"Fool! what is he like. Did you ever see him?"

"He is about your opposite, mister; for he looks grimmer than he is, and you."

"Boy, by the Lord Harry, you are trifling with the wrong man. I shall be provoked into thrashing you directly, until you will be more hurt than you ever were in your life. Play off your lame jokes on me again at your peril. And now see if you can hurry on."

The boy looked up at the man's darkened face, and seemed right glad to escape with the threat; for he took good care to keep out of arm's reach for the rest of the journey. He soon saw, however, that the stranger had grown oblivious of his presence, and followed, mechanically, wrapt in thought.

A little while and the stranger halted him again.

"How far now, boy?"

"A couple o' hundred yards, sir."

"Umph! I might have ridden, and brought you to take the horse back again. I was less fatigued climbing the Helderberg Alps on foot. Do you know any one at the house we seek?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"The cook."

"The boy is a born fool," muttered Lenox, angrily; "yet he seems shrewd, too. Now, fellow, you don't chance to remember a certain Wallace Dare and his wife who once lived for a while in the house with them?"

"Don't I? Well I guess I do, though. It has been high on to three years now."

"Did you ever see the lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was she like?"

"Like— This time the boy's face was irradiated through the dirt that besmeared it. "She was like an angel, sir; but a sorrowing angel, who had wept of heaven and could not get back again."

"The devil!" muttered Lenox. "His tongue runs without willing when he wills it. Did you ever speak to her?"

"Yes, mister."

"Ha! she took your milk, I suppose," he continued, with a sneer.

"No, sir; she took notes."

"What notes?"

"Notes from the young man with the beautiful horses. Mr.—Mr.—ah! I forgets."

"Did the people here say he loved the lady?"

"Dunno 'bout that," replied the boy. "They said as how her husband treated her very hard."

"Well, the notes were for her; did she answer them?"

"Sometimes."

"Is this the house?"

"Yes, sir."

He gave the boy a shilling, which he received with a conventional "Thank ye," and hurried off again in the direction from whence they had come.

Lenox then walked briskly on, until he stood in front of the rather pretty thatched cottage that had been pointed out; when he gave a loud rap at the door. A coarse voice said rather gruffly, "Come in," and Lenox, without further ceremony, pushed the door open and walked in.

Two men were seated at a small deal table playing cards. As one of them looked up, he arose to his feet with an oath.

"Caspar Lenox, by Jupiter!" he cried. "When did you come, and where did you come from?"

"Softly, Paine," said Lenox, with a grim smile. "That would take me a longer time than I hope to be able to give you this evening. This is Mr. Blount, I think?"

"Yes."

The two men shook hands.

"I must be brief, and state my business first," said Lenox, and he entered at once upon the subject of Wallace Dare's trial.

"Where is Dennis Foley's wife?" he asked, abruptly, when he had explained a little. "I want her for a witness."

"Why, we've kept her back a little," said Paine, with another oath. "Some of us might be so situated some day. Women folks are the d— I when you once get them up. Give the poor fellow a chance for his life, I say."

"I tell you," exclaimed Lenox, savagely, "this Wallace Dare is the only man on earth I really hate, but I would gild half the men in New York with my own hands, before I would have him escape."

"You have not grown more amiable since I saw you. What new thing has called up your vengeance?"

"It has never slept. It was I who

SONG.

BY W. F. R.

Here is a glove that once was here:
This is a ribbon that once was here:
To hold back the tangled masses of curls
With such a carefully graceful air.

There is the dress that last she wore:
Here are the slippers her feet have pressed.
Dear little feet, that we trust to-night
Walk in the mansion of the bliss.

Here is her work-box. Let me look:
Needles and thimbles are both in their place,
And a handkerchief too, on which she had sewn,
Half-way around it, a border of lace.

Here are the songs she used to sing:
Put them tenderly out of my sight:
I wonder which of these sweet old hymns
Your darling is singing in heaven to-night?

Throw back the shutters. Let in the light:
Let the room be filled with the sunshine sweet;
Then think how often the spot where we stand,
Has echoed the tread of an angel's feet.

It all is finished. Our work is done:
Turn the key in the door, and come away.
"Holy of Holies" is the spot,
Let no one enter except to pray.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 44. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXII.

A FIRST EXPERIENCE.

Mark, as he walked at the head of his men, looked almost young again. His eyes sparkled under his grizzled brows; his cheeks were in a glow of fire; his voice, when he spoke, came deep from his heaving chest—ringing, clear, emphatic.

"Ah," said he to Herbert, who was close at his side, "this may say what they like, this life! When they want to make an end of old Mark, let them shut him up between four brick walls, and they'll soon stifle his heart out! Six foot under ground is all the bed he'll want when he can't get a bit of sport now and then. Why, it's marvellous to my bones, and breath to my body, is this frosty air and keen excitement! You see, I was born a poacher, Master Herbert. I ought to have been a gentleman, and had my woods and preserves, and so forth, with plenty of money, to go hunting down adventures in foreign parts, when I got tired of my own country. But there was a mistake somewhere; and yet the heat was in my blood, and would show itself somehow. I have heard my mother say that, when I was a baby, I would crawl to the rabbit warren close to our cottage, and thrust my hands into the holes, just as if I knew. When I was eight, I used to go out with my ferret and a bag, and it wasn't often I came back without something."

"Aye," continued Mark, his eyes twinkling; "there's nothing like practice to make perfect."

"I wonder you were never caught."

"Well, you see, I have had more chances than most. Mr. Carten, the old gentleman, was an invalid for years, and didn't care about his shooting. He married late in life, too; so that it was years and years, with schooling and college, before his son came to take his place."

"But since that?"

"Why, I've been lucky, that's all; and, you see, I know every scrap of ground by heart. But it's been a near thing sometimes, I can tell you. A little while back, when Mr. Carten was himself, they was so close on us that I gave myself up for lost."

"Nat's a good son."

"Yes; he takes care of his father. If he'd forsaken me, like that coward, Joe Lay, I should have been in prison at this very minute."

"Didn't the keepers follow you home?"

"Yes; but they came to a stop at Lansdown Point, and that saved us."

"Do you know what people say about the Point?"

"No," replied old Mark, in a tremulous whisper. "What is it?"

"That the place is haunted."

"Haunted?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean the ghosts are seen there?"

"The old man's voice was so broken and odd that Herbert wondered, as he answered, "I don't believe in ghosts myself, but that is what people are saying."

"What is it that they are supposed to see, then?"

"A man's figure leaning against the tree that bends over the pool."

"Ah! And what is he doing there?"

"Sometimes he has a spade in his hand, and seems to be digging. At others, he stands perfectly still, with a white, awful face turned up to the sky."

"Whose ghost is it called?"

"James Flax's."

"It's all stories and rubbish," exclaimed Mark, almost fiercely. "I never saw anything there I couldn't account for in a natural kind of way. Joe Lay is fond of hanging about the Point, and he may have been there late of nights, for aught I know; but, as to ghosts, it's only folks as believe that the dead rise up out of their graves to scare the living."

"I think I should always like to see any one I had loved."

"No, no, Master Herbert! As many living folks as you please, but no dead 'uns! I'm not easily frightened, I can tell you, but just the hint of a ghost takes my breath away, and makes me as weak as a child. And so you've took to poaching," he added, by way of changing the subject. "I don't want to say anything unkind, but you'll never be anything of a hand. You've begun to take life, and, only to note the way you set about it, any one may see your heart's far away. Go back, Master Herbert; there's time yet, and this isn't the place for such as you. Miss Milly will be beside herself if you get into trouble."

"It's for her sake I am here," answered Herbert, in a broken voice. "When she has learnt to hate me, I need come no more."

"Hush! father," exclaimed Nat. "Barton says he hears voices on the Point."

"It's the keepers, then," replied old Mark, with a faint shiver, not at the news, but at the place.

"You creep closer, Nat, will you, and bring us word?"

"Let me go. You remember what I asked?"

"Nat understands—"

"There is nothing to understand; I have only to creep through the bushes and hear what they are saying. Surely, I can do that."

"Well, then, go; but mind you are cautious."

"Never fear," replied he, and was gone.

A silence of suspense and expectation fell on the little group after this. Herbert had begged this post because he hoped it might bring him into danger. But he had an odd sense of aversion to his task, as he crept stealthily through the bushes, until he came to the edge of the wood that was nearest to Lansdown Point.

Here he paused, and taking a handful of the bare branches, swung them aside and looked through. The moon was not very bright, but there was light enough to see, quite plainly, the figures of four men, amongst whom he recognized Joe Lay. Then there was treacherous aloof. The man had very early confined old Mark's accusation, and turned informer; for Herbert could see him pointing in the direction from which he had just come, as if to indicate where the poachers might be found.

This was enough for Herbert. He turned at once to old Mark. "They'll be on us in two minutes," he said. "I saw Joe Lay telling them where to find us."

The old man clenched his fist and ground a curse between his set teeth.

"I knew he was no good from the first, only Nat took up with him so ready. A coward is never to be trusted, you may depend. But let him have a care. I know a secret that will hang him easy; and though I'm not fond of telling tales, he shall not go free if we suffer."

"But what's to be done now?"

"Why, we won't give in," answered the old man, sturdily. "How many of them was there, Master Herbert?"

"Three keepers and Joe Lay."

The old poacher's eyes flashed fire.

"I should like to get him within reach of my arm for one minute. I ain't so strong as I was, but it would come hard if I couldn't make him smart for a while. I propose we stand our ground. There's five of us to their four, and if they come on us, we can fight our way through. I don't much fancy being bawled again, after our ill luck lately."

"No, no," said Nat; "we won't go back empty-handed. Let them come if they like. Now we know we shall be ready for them at any minute; and if we keep our faces muffled, I don't see how they can't guess us."

"That's right," Nat answered his father, approvingly. "The more danger, the better sport."

It was impossible to help admiring the old man's courage and resolution.

"Come on, lads," he whispered; "we'll pay them out! And mind, no firing, unless to save your life! There's been mischief enough done already. If it comes to a fight, you needn't make shelter for me. Though I was sixty-five last birthday, I think I can take one man to myself, and keep him going, even if I don't floor him. Master Herbert?"

He lowered his voice to the faintest whisper that the words might only reach him.

"Well, Mark?"

"Slip behind and get away. We may have a tough night of it, and Miss Milly would be broken-hearted if any harm came to you. I'll make it all right with the others."

"No, Mark?"

"Now, do! Your mother was good to my wife when she was dying, and I don't want to repay it by getting you into trouble."

"It wouldn't be your fault, anyhow. I am doing all this with my eyes open."

"But you'll know better yourself, Mark, which is all that signifies."

"I wouldn't like even the name of such an act."

"And yet you take Nat with you?"

"Nat is my own to do what I like with; and besides, you wouldn't have him forsake his old father, would you?"

Being there himself, Herbert could not well lecture old Mark; he simply said, "Nat is a brave fellow and deserves a better fate."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old man, with a shudder; and he thought of his dream.

"I mean that we may like this lawless life so well as not be able to settle to any other."

"What?"

"They are moving," he whispered softly back.

"We had better get on in front of them. Nat knows where the traps are and can take the lead, whilst we cover his movements as well as we are able. Keepers or no keepers, I don't mean to go home empty-handed to-night."

"Then we shall have to be quick."

"Never you fear; Nat knows his work."

"Mayn't I go with Nat?" Herbert asked.

"You would only be in his way."

"I think not. I could watch whilst he was attending to the traps."

"He doesn't mean to be there all night," said old Mark, in a captious tone.

"Of course not. But, you know, I don't care about being caught; so that, in case of accident, he would have a better chance of getting away."

"Very well—go along! Only mind, Master Herbert, I won't have no recklessness."

"All right."

Herbert felt himself, with a certain surprise, entering into the excitement of the rest; and when Nat, with a little, low chuckle of glee, brought up a fine hare from the first trap and transferred it to his bag, Herbert's heart beat faster, and the cruel weight of care that had oppressed him these last few days was cast away and forgotten.

At the next trap they were not less lucky.

"The keepers haven't been so sharp to-day," said Nat, holding a fine pheasant by the legs.

"There's no decoy here, but as hand-some a bird as any one might wish to see. There's two at roost up in the tree, there, I see; but we don't dare fire, or the keepers will be on us in a jiffy. I wish I'd an air gun."

"You'll do very well at this rate."

"And there's traps pretty well everywhere," answered Nat, exultingly.

"Barton's been over, in the very midst of them, and they're as tame as barndoor fowls there. We've only to keep the men at bay for a matter of three hours or so."

"Shall we manage it?"

"Look here, Master Herbert," said Nat, presently, in a confidential tone;

"I'm a poacher myself, it's true, but I'd be something better to-morrow if it wasn't for father; but it's different for you. I am sure Miss Milly is an angel."

added Nat, enthusiastically; "and when I was laid low with fever, the very sight of her coming and going was better than all the doctor's stuff. If I was you, Master Herbert, I'd cut off my right hand before I'd give her a minute's sorrow."

"And so would I," answered Herbert, in a broken voice. "You don't know what a terrible sacrifice I am making to serve her."

"But she won't like this," said Nat, incredulously.

"Nevertheless, it's the greatest kindness I can do her."

"Do you want her to hate you?"

"It would be better for her if she did."

"Well, that's odd, too."

"It must sound odd, I know," answered Herbert, who found it a relief to talk to Nat; "but it's true all the same."

"Why don't you go away from home, then? It would be better than this."

"My father can't spare me."

"Then you have to do what you don't fancy, for your father's sake?"

"Yes."

"It's queer; but you and me seem to be alike," answered Nat, carelessly.

"So we do."

"You wouldn't mind shaking hands?"

For sole response, Herbert held out his cordially.

"I expect you wouldn't like to be my friend?"

"Nay, but I should."

"You're one of the right sort," said Nat, enthusiastically. "Some people think that when they get a little money they may ride rough-shod over everybody. Mr. Lowe is more of a gentleman in his own eyes than Lord Dacre."

"That isn't right, either."

"No, but they are most of them like that when they rise from the bottom of the ladder."

"I have heard that before. What have you got there, Nat?"

"A nice little hen pheasant, as fat as butter," answered Nat, carelessly, its smooth breast delightfully. "If we go on at this rate, we shall soon get a bag full."

"Do you always have this luck?"

"On general nights. When me and father are out alone, just about Lansdown, we have to be satisfied with a little. But it's a hard life, anyway. There was Timothy Cook, as fine a lad as ever you saw; he died in the work-house after being ill just a week. It was rapid decline, brought on by lying on the damp ground watching for birds. They say, too," added Nat, in a thick voice, "he died so uneasy, on account of his evil ways, that you could hear him bemoaning himself and crying out from one end of the house to the other."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes; I knew him, and that's what gave me my first notion that poaching wasn't quite the thing. What! wasn't that father's whistle?"

"Some one whistled. It might have been a keeper."

"I know father's out of a thousand. The keepers are on them, and he wants us."

"Leave your bag; it will only hinder you."

"Nay," answered the young man, sturdily; "I mean to have what I've got."

Swiftly, and silently now, they retraced their steps. As they came near the place where they had left old Mark and the others, they heard plainly the sounds of an affray, and quickened their steps.

"Muffle up your face," whispered Nat, as he drew a dark colored handkerchief over his mouth and chin, and slouched his wide-awake lower over his eyes. "It's all up if they recognize you. It's dark here, so you are safe enough if you are only careful."

"Trust me."

"Now then?"

He darted amongst them, and swung his powerful arm about, dauntlessly. Old Mark's adversary, Lane, dropped back a pace, half-blinded by the blow.

"Get away, father," he whispered Nat. "I can manage him," and the two men closed.

Lane was as strong and more wary than Nat. But he had not the same motive for desiring victory as the others had. He certainly wished to capture one of the poachers, in order to satisfy his master of his zeal; but this feeling would hardly nerve his arm as Nat's arm was nerve by dread of prison and the fear of exposure. For a time the issue was doubtful. Nat never looked back to see how the others were faring. He had quite as much as he could manage, as it was. Old Mark's faint, cheery whispers, "That's right, lad!" "Steady now!" "Hit him hard!" encouraged Nat. He pictured his father in prison, pinning his heart out, dying by inches; and as he sent his opponent tottering back amongst the trees, he muttered lowly, "Run, father; we don't want you."

"Nay, lad," answered old Mark; "let me get breath, and then I'll show them there's some life left in me yet."

"You'd better go home."

"No!"

"Do, father," said Nat, persuasively, as he saw Lane stumble on his feet again, and come rushing towards him with the speed of one whose temper was mastering him.

"Take that!" he said, aiming a blow at Nat's face. But the young man stepped aside quickly and evaded it. Lane's fist came in contact with a trunk of a tree, against which Nat had been standing, and he uttered a little cry of pain. Panting like a wild beast, mad with rage, thinking of his own wrongs now and not of his master's, Lane sprang upon Nat and caught him fiercely by the throat.

The other's grasp was like iron, and Nat gave himself up for lost. His hands sank nerveless to his side, and he uttered a guttural sound, that was hardly a moan so much as a cry of despair.

And suddenly, oddly, he remembered Timothy Cook, and saw his ghastly face rise up before him, with its eyes of agonized appeal, and white, contorted lips.

There's two at roost up out of the past—the ghost of that man who had died as suddenly as he should die, and was buried under Lansdown Point.

At this minute, old Mark's fist fell like a sledgehammer in the centre of Lane's outstretched arm, and the man loosened his hold suddenly. Nat drew a long breath of relief.

But death, in all its horror, had been so near, that he felt cold and stunned. For a minute he could only ward off the blows that fell around him; his natural strength seemed to have deserted him. Old Mark noticed this, and got frightened.

"You'll be beat," he whispered. "Nay," answered the other, his pride rising at the very thought; "not if I know it."

The effect of this caution was soon apparent. Nat, suddenly restored to his old energy, drove Lane back amongst the bushes, and held him there relentlessly. He struggled in vain to free himself. It was Nat's turn now, and he meant to make the most of it. With his face close to Lane's face, Nat said, in gruff, feigned voice:

"I'll let you go when you'll promise to go straight home, and not one second before."

"Then I'll stop here till I rot."

"Just as you like," answered Nat, coolly.

"Tie him to a tree," whispered old Mark; "and then he'll be safe."

"There is there a rope?"

"Here."

Old Mark slipped one into his hand, and the two men between them, in spite of Lane's struggles, managed to secure his arms and legs so effectually that he lay as helpless as a block of wood, fretting, fuming and foaming, and uttering vicious threats against his conqueror.

Nat chuckled inwardly, and went to help the others. The odds were against the keepers now. There were Lawrence, Scotty and others against five of them, and it was easy to see how it must end.

"Supposing we was to tie them all up in a row," suggested old Mark, whose keen eyes glittered brightly in the gloom; "it would serve them right, I only wish we'd got Joe Lay as well."

"Have you any more cord here?" asked Nat.

"A plenty," chuckled old Mark; "they brought a good supply. No doubt they expected a dozen of us, at least."

"Then it belongs to the keepers?"

"Lane dropped it just now."

"It's a good notion," laughed Nat.

"It will be a fine sight for the folks to-morrow morning."

"Be quick, then. Master Herbert isn't used to this kind of work, and no doubt he is pretty well done."

"You stand back, then, father."

"You're too, while over me, lad. I ain't made of gingerbread."

This conversation was carried on aside, and in a whisper. Old Mark, who had a strong sense of humor, enjoyed the joke vastly, and laughed outright, when Nat, stealing behind Lawrence, as his arm was upraised to strike, suddenly slipped the cord around them.

Lawrence uttered a passionate curse.

"You shall smart for this," he shouted. "Mark Grayson, I know you must be here; and I'll have you as sure as I'm a living man."

"You've got to prove your words first, though," said a voice Lawrence would have declared was Herbert Benson's, disguised, had he not felt sure that it could not be. "No jury would convict without."

"I can satisfy the jury that he's a rogue and a thief, anyhow."

"But not that he is here to-night?"

"I'll try, if I once get loose."

"What will you bet that he's not safe at home in bed, snoring?"

"It isn't like him to be out of the way when mischief is about."

"That's got nothing to do with it. What you have to do to-morrow, when you get free, is to prove that Mark Grayson was out to-night."

"You know I can't do that," was the response.

"Then hush, will you?" and Lawrence, bound now and helpless, found that the command was enforced by a slight shake.

"What am I to hush for?"

"You'll wake the birds."

At this, Lawrence, goaded to desperation, tried, with a mighty effort, to wrench himself free.

"Have a care!" he hissed.

"We won't disturb you any longer," said the voice. "Good night."

The other two keepers had been secured in the meantime by old Mark's help, and the light band glided away through the gloom of the wood softly, like ghosts. When they got out of hearing of their enemies, they came to a sudden halt, and took counsel together, deep and low. Nat was for continuing their interrupted sport. Herbert, although he had no care for himself, represented that the risk was too great.

"You may depend," he said, "that Joe is lurking about to see how it ends. Directly he finds we are gone, he'll go back and loosen the keepers, and we shall be no better off than we were before. The four of us get home as quickly as possible."

"Supposing he should give our names?" Barton said.

"Who would believe him on oath?" answered old Mark, contemptuously.

"Besides, he wouldn't do that. He knows better than to rouse a sleeping lion."

"He's got that malice in him, I should never wonder at anything."

"He won't hurt himself, never fear. He's gone nearly far enough, as it is; and though I hate to tell on others, he had better have a care. He's only a knave now; he'd be a fool if he didn't know when to stop. Now, then, Nat, Master Herbert's right; the sooner we get home the better. The poulterer, at Dawford, shall have the game, as usual, and we'll divide next time. Come, Master Herbert, we'll give you all our way, and we may as well go together."

Herbert still hesitated.

"Look here," said old Mark, decidedly; "you want to stay behind and get taken, and punished for us all; but I tell you outright I won't have it. You've took your risk with us, as was fair and proper, but you shan't do as more. If you stop here, I stop."

Herbert found, by the old man's determined tone, that he meant what he said, and lingered no longer. He parted with the others at the edge of the wood, and each went his own way silently.

Herbert accompanied old Mark and his son as far as their cottage, which he was obliged to pass in reaching his own house; and then these three men, whom fate, in one of its caprices, and the cruelty of a strange destiny, had thrown together, shook hands cordially, as old friends, and separated.

Herbert reached his own room without being discovered; but as he flung himself, still dressed, across the bed, he knew there could be no rest for him. The prayer he had been in the habit of repeating nightly came mechanically to his lips, but he thrust it back.

"No," he said, bitterly, within himself, "how should I dare utter such words after my offence, and when my soul is full of a terrible hatred against the man who has made me a thief that I may save his daughter's life? Sinning is hard even for her sake."

CHAPTER XXII.

"WHEN ORRER MEETS ORRER, THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR."

Since Wilfred had been assailed by an unknown adversary in Lansdown, he had not quite the same partiality for the locality as before. Not that he was a coward. But the assault had been so sudden and unexpected, so mysterious altogether, that it had left behind a sense of distrust he could not quite conquer.

He never suspected Herbert Benson of having been his probable adversary. His conduct could not have justified such a suspicion. Besides, he had seen him go off with Milly, and he was not likely to have left her in time to have rifled him so strangely of the blue ribbon he had taken out of Milly's reluctant hands.

Altogether, Wilfred was puzzled. He was not fond of mystery, and, moreover, he wanted to know who it might have been, for the sake of being on his guard for the future. We can't guard against our enemy, unless we know who our enemy is.

Mr. Caythorn had always told Wilfred to make himself at home anywhere in his domains.

Therefore Wilfred considered it prudent to carry his gun with him, not only as a means of defence, should he require any, but also as a kind of excuse for his presence in the wood should any one meet him there.

On reaching the place of rendezvous, he found Herbert there before him.

They could but just see each other's faces; but the tone of Herbert's voice when he spoke, showed that he was not to be trifled with. However, he spoke with courtesy and respect.

"I am obliged to you for granting me this interview. I thought it better that we should come to an understanding at once."

"I don't see the least necessity for it," replied



COURT ETIQUETTE.

BY F. A. WILSON.

A certain giant being out at elbows went to Court to find employment; and all the Court would have laughed at him had they dared, he cut such a queer figure, with his long beard, and his great pipe that he was forever smoking. The King, however, thought it no laughing matter, for here was a fellow that could kick over his palace, if he happened to get in a rage, and what in the world could they do for this great clumsy monster to do? So he called all the wise men in the kingdom, and they sat in the council hall, and looked very solemn for seven days, but said never a word.

At the end of that time, the Princess, the King's only daughter, who was exceedingly silly, came tripping into the hall, and said:

"What a great fun you make over nothing! I can settle the matter. I want a page in buttons, and he is precisely the proper person. I will take him into my service."

"Exactly!" said all the wise men all together. "That is just what we were going to propose when her Royal Highness took the words out of our mouth!" although nobody but such a foolish girl as the Princess would ever have thought of making a giant twenty-five feet high a page in buttons.

The King, however, could see no other way out of the difficulty; so he sent for a tailor, and the tailor resting a ladder on the giant's shoulder, went upon it and took his measure. It required many yards of cloth, you may be sure, to make a suit for this astonishing page, and a whole cartload of buttons; for you see they had buttons all over the jacket, and on his cap and sleeves, and they would have had one on his nose, I believe, if they could have sewed one on. When the suit was finished, the giant, who was very stupid, as most giants are, thought, however, that he never looked so well in his life; and his silly mistress being very vain of a page twenty-five feet high, took him with her when she called on the other ladies of rank who were her neighbors; and these ladies, thinking that they had never seen anything so ridiculous, giggled behind their fans, while they pretended to admire him, and said, "Dear Princess, we really envy you. There never was anything so fine as your page."

At last one of the ladies, more malicious than the rest, said to the Princess:

"Now that you have your page, you have all that a Princess can possibly require, with the exception of one thing."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"You should get the King, your father, to make a law," replied the lady, "that no one except the Lady High Fiddistick, the Dame of the Slippers, and the Queen, your mother, shall touch so much as your hand, on pain of instant death. You are too great a Princess to be approached like a common mortal."

"Why, so I am," said the Princess, "though I never thought of that before."

And home she posted to urge the King to pass this admirable law, without which she was fully persuaded she could no longer exist. The King and his Court, having nothing better to do, were quite ready to gratify her; therefore a decree was posted on all the trees and fences making it high treason for any one but the Queen, the Lady High Fiddistick, and the Dame of the Slippers, to touch even the Princess's hand, under any circumstances. The Princess now thought herself the grandest and happiest of human beings; and though every one was laughing at her stupidity, it made no difference to her, since she heard nothing of it.

Now the Princess had a habit of walking out every morning, followed by her huge page in buttons; and one fine day, coming to a great quaking bog, the Princess grew very curious to see what was on the other side of it.

"But your Royal Highness can't cross it," said the giant; "you will sink."

"A common person might sink," said the Princess, disdainfully, "but a Princess can't sink, especially in her own territory. This land belongs to me, and should know its duty better than to let me sink."

"Oh, of course," said the giant; for even his stupidity was not quite rare whether the bog would make the distinction between a princess and a peasant girl; and after a step or two he said, turning back, "Royal mistress, don't you think you had better let me carry you over? You will get your slippers muddy."

"Not for the world," the Princess, much shocked. "Have you forgotten that it is high treason to touch me?"

So holding up her trail, and trying to keep her slippers on, she began to pick her way across; but first she tore her gown, and then she lost one slipper and then the other, and then she stuck fast.

"Royal mistress," bellowed the giant, "don't you think I had better pull you out?"

"You stupid idiot!" cried the Princess, crossly, "haven't I told you it is high treason to touch me? Run for the Queen."

Away went the giant, three steps at a time, and, coming to the Court in a mighty bustle, asked for the Queen; but alas! she had gone on a ten days' journey; and instead of telling anybody his errand, the stupid fellow posted back to the quagmire, where the Princess by this time had sunk to her waist.

"Princess," said the giant, "the Queen, your mother, has gone on a ten days' journey."

"Mercy on us!" gasped the Princess, "run for the Lady High Fiddistick."

Away trotted the giant four steps at a time, and, coming to the Court, found every one there in a bustle.

"Get a doctor," screamed one, "and bandages," said another, "and water and splints," and "oh, dear, dear!" sighed a third, "to think that the Lady High Fiddistick should trip her foot on a vulgar, nasty stone, and break her arm! If I were King I would order every stone removed from the kingdom."

Back ran the giant five steps at a time. The Lady High Fiddistick, who had broken her arm, your Royal Highness."

"My stars!" cried the Princess, who had sunk to her neck, "get the Dame of the Slippers."

"Don't you think I had better pull you out, if it is high treason?" asked the giant.

"No, no! you mustn't—you can't—you shan't," squeaked the Princess. "Go quick, you booby, and do as you are told."

Off raced the giant, ten steps at a time, but when he came to Court everybody said, "Ssh! shh! don't make such a noise; the Dame of the Slippers has just died."

Back galloped the giant with all his might, and made such good speed that he got to the bog just in time to see the tip of her bonnet going under the mud.

"Oh, what a pity! what a great pity!" sighed the giant, "that it would have been high treason to pull her out."

A TRUE STORY, WITH A FAIRY IN IT.

BY MYSTLE BLOSSOM.

"Oh, gran'ma, if I had but one little piece of all this treasure what a glad girl I should be!"

Little Rose Darton stood at the corner of two streets, holding fast to her grandmother's hand, while she gazed with wide-open eager eyes into a jeweler's window, rich with gold and silver articles, which seemed to her an inexhaustible mine of wealth. It was a dreary night in December, and the chilly wind, carrying the snowflakes hither and thither, blew her hair in golden tangles all about her little white face.

"You will never have that, Rosie," said the pitiful, quavering voice of her old grandmother. "Let us go home now."

"Oh, but the splendor, gran'ma! Don't you know to-morrow is my birthday? and it seems as if these were fairy palaces, just lighted up for my sake! Do let us linger a little yet?"

"Fairy palaces are not for you or me, child, and this bitter cold is going through me."

When her grandmother said that, Rosie hastened her steps, holding her breath as she passed by the beautiful windows, for the breath that came over her pale little lips was the breath of desire, so hard for a child to control. She did not seem to feel the cold that night, perhaps because the wind of adversity had been blowing cold upon her young life ever since she could remember. And just then, too, her heart was so warm with the fire of sweet fancies! But the heart in Rosie's body was a tender one, and at the shiver which ran through her grandmother's frame she tightened her hold on the withered hand, hurrying more swiftly along the snowy footpath.

They were soon out of the city, the snow like a cloud about them, the bright lights fading like a dream in the distance, and their home, poor and cheerless though it was, a friendly sight. They reached the door, and went in. It was but a poor shelter against the bitter storm, the two little rooms in the midst of the wide, desolate common; but Rosie, who had been so warm in the iron candlestick, then she crept close to her grandmother's feet before the fire.

Her grandmother was the only friend Rosie had in the world, and Rosie was the one treasure her grandmother had left; so that the love they gave each other was undivided.

"Aren't you going to bed, Rosie," her grandmother asked, at length, "while the room is warm? Maybe you'll have happy dreams before the dawn."

"No," said Rosie, shaking her head till the curls tumbled about her face again; "you must tell me a story first. Let it be of the summer time you used to know when you were little, like me."

"Little, like you? Ah, Rosie, child, that was such a long time ago that it makes me dizzy to look back to it! But I dream sometimes of a brighter summer time, when I shall leave this worn-out house, drop off these wrinkles and gray hairs, and be at home with pleasant gardens with the river of life flowing through it."

Rosie looked up in amazement at the dear voice dropped into silence; but there was a smile on the wrinkled face, and a glow like that of the morning, over the gray pallor of the sunken cheeks.

"Ah," thought Rosie to herself, "if I might only get there, too, where it is always summer!"

And she shivered, for the wood had burned out, and the coals were turning to ashes. But there was a tiny glow on one corner of the hearthstone; and, almost as if her thought had answered itself, a low voice like music rose from the midst of the ashes.

Rosie looked again, rubbing her eyes to see she was awake; and there before her, in plain sight, was the prettiest little creature your brightest fancy can paint. She had blue eyes, and a golden halo about her head; so that Rosie could not tell where the gold of her hair faded into the gold of the atmosphere which surrounded her.

"How came you here?" asked Rosie, softly.

All her lifetime I have lived in your good grandmother's heart, said the little fairy, in her musical voice. "Now the spark of her life is gone out, and I am waiting to know if you will let me stay with you."

"But who are you?" cried Rosie, in amazement.

"You wished but a minute ago," continued the fairy, "that you could go where your grandmother is gone. I am the Fairy of Kind Words and Generous Deeds, and if you take me into your heart, I can show you the way, and help you to get there."

"I will!" cried Rosie, with a sudden sweet resolution.

And then, somehow, before she knew it, in some mysterious way the door of her heart swung open and the beautiful fairy slipped in. Rosie felt her heart grow warm and satisfied; and hiding her sleepy eyes on her grandmother's cold knees she fell asleep, while the candle, so, burned down to a little spark and went out.

In the morning, a rich lady was riding by in her carriage, all covered with soft fur robes, and discovered little Rose through the half-open door, which the wind had torn from its fastenings. Moved with pity, she took her to her luxurious home, which was bright with everything but children's faces, accepting her for her own little daughter. There the fairy stayed with little Rose Darton, until she, too, grew old. She heeded all the wise fairy's monitions, dealing out bountifully the comforts which had so strangely come to her to the poor and unfortunate for miles around; so that every voice lifted as she went by called her blessed, and every step she took was a step towards that beautiful summer land, where her dear old grandmother had gone.

THE RETURN.

BY JULIA O. BARNETT.

I have waited for thy coming
Through the long and weary years;
I have listened for thy footsteps,
And have quenched the rising tears,
As sweetly of thy trust.

I have daily watched the sunrise,
And my heart would glow so light,
As sweet hope would softly whisper,
"He may come before the night."
His shadow o'er the earth.

I have prayed for thee at midnight,
When all life was hushed and still,
While the stars would look with pity,
And my anguish seem to fill
All the balmy, summer air.

But the darkness now has vanished,
With its hours of doubt and fear,
As my loved one draws near,
To the heart that loves him well.

DOWLAH,
THE SNAKE-CHARMER!
OR,
THE MAID OF CAWNPOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA E. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 44. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XV.
With slow tread and still tread,
He means the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the faint and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

A dark, sulphurous cloud hung over the Cawnpore entrenchments, and the early morning air was hot and suffocating. The pounding of the mutineers' guns, the rattles of their musketry, and the wild, ear-splitting shells as they were sent, were silent for the time. There is a limit to all human endurance, and these swarthy fellows were so exhausted that they needed rest and sleep no less than the wretched defenders themselves.

Just as it was growing light on Wednesday morning, June 24th, the English sentry within the entrenchments observed a figure approaching from the direction of the mutineers, and which, as a consequence, had been admitted to pass under range of their guns without drawing their fire. The figure came boldly forward, walking straight toward the sentry, who raised his musket, and commanded "Halt!"

A short distance only separated the two, and the soldier saw that instead of a man, a well-dressed female of half caste, as it is termed, stood before him. In answer to the demand as to what her business was, she replied without the least appearance of trepidation:

"I am the bearer of a message from Nana Dhoondoo Pent, Peishwa, to General Wheeler, offering him terms for the surrender of this place."

Ordering the female to remain where she was, word was sent to the commanding officer, stating the import of the message. General Wheeler returned the answer by the female, in shape of a request that the Nana, or some one in his behalf, should come to the entrenchments, in order that the terms of the capitulation might be formally agreed upon; the messenger departed, and no more was seen of her during the day, nor of any other messenger from the rebel commander.

But there was no doubt of the surrender. Taking place. All firing upon the part of the mutineers had ceased, and it was evident that preparations were going on among them to receive the submission of the defenders who had defied them so long.

The excitement among the English was undemonstrative, but it was of the most intense character. All felt that they had at last approached the most critical period in their lives. If the Nana chose, he could carry the shape of a request before attempting which he had sent a formal summons to surrender, and admitted his readiness to offer terms.

What would those terms be, was the all important question that was agitated. The men gathered in groups and discussed the situation, the women approached the wall, and drew water without fear of harm; even the sick and wounded, in many cases, raised themselves, and indulged in speculations upon the one absorbing theme.

As the Nana had sent word that he would give terms, the very least that he could do was to pledge himself to spare the lives of the prisoners, and to insure consideration treatment to the women and children. Less than this, of course, would be no terms at all.

Some uneasiness was felt at the delay of the Nana. English spies had followed the movements of the Sepoys through their glasses, but could not detect any signs of excitement. The men seemed simply to be resting, or rather waiting the command to renew the fire, and as the Nana's headquarters were in the rear and out of sight, it could only be conjectured what was going on there.

General Wheeler was quite cheerful and hopeful at the turn affairs had taken. He considered himself fortunate in having secured the demand of the Nana, instead of first offering to capitulate. He believed it placed matters in a better shape, as the Rajah would be more likely to grant more liberal conditions.

Captain Moore, of the Thirty-second Bengal Grenadiers, was deputed by General Wheeler to meet the messenger of Nana Sahib, and to arrange the terms of the capitulation. This officer, it will be remembered, was among the most daring of the defenders in the entrenchments.

On the succeeding day, amid a breathless silence within and without the entrenchments, the agent of the Nana, Azimoolah by name, was seen approaching with a retinue of rebel troops. He advanced within a short distance of the entrenchments, where he halted, and Captain Moore walked out to where he was waiting.

He was received courteously, and the two at once proceeded to business. Azimoolah stated that Nana Sahib authorized him to pledge that upon the garrison surrendering the position it occupied within the entrenchment, and abandoning Cawnpore, with the public treasure, guns and magazine, the lives of all the Europeans and native converts at the station should be spared, and they would be at liberty to depart with their arms, colors, ammunition, and personal

baggage, in boats to be provided by Nana Sahib for their safe and immediate conveyance down the Ganges to the city of Allahabad.

These terms were taken down in writing by Azimoolah, the agent, who returned with them to Cawnpore, and here, on the 26th of June, 1857, they were solemnly ratified by Nana Dhoondoo Pent, Peishwa, under his seal and signature, with the usual oaths that had always been held sacred by the Hindoo race—his principal officers joining in the ceremony. As a further evidence of his good faith, a supply of provisions were sent within the entrenchments, and the spirits of the garrison rebounded from the depression under which they had been laboring so long.

So much time had been occupied in these formal proceedings, it was mutually agreed that the surrender itself should take place the next day. In the meantime, the English were permitted, as a matter of course, to pass wherever they chose within the entrenchments, but they considered themselves bound by honor not to go outside, nor attempt to take any advantage of the truce that was then prevailing, and which could terminate until ended by the Nana himself.

The greater portion of the day was spent by the survivors in preparing for the change. Several old campaigners showed some distrust at the shape affairs had taken. They had been in India long enough to understand the perfidious character of the natives, and they quietly remarked that they would save their congratulations until their arrival at Allahabad.

At daybreak on Saturday, June 27th, the arrangements being all completed, the public treasure, amounting to a little less than three lacs (about \$175,000), was turned over to the agents of Nana Sahib. This done, sick and wounded persons, all the females and children, were placed in carriages sent up to the entrenchments, and under the escort of the mutineers, were driven to one of the boats which had been sent to the river, to which place the officers and soldiers, included in the capitulation, made their way, following close behind the carriages.

Here there was some delay while waiting for the boats that were to carry them to their destination. Most of the survivors were in good spirits, General Wheeler, seated with his family in a carriage, seemed very hopeful that everything would come out right.

At this juncture, when the whole party were in waiting, and the swarthy faces of the Sepoys were scowling savagely upon them, one of their number advanced to where the surrendered commander was waiting, and thrusting his head in the carriage, said something in low, hurried tones. What the precise words were which he uttered could never be known, but when he turned his swarthy countenance away, all looking at him, saw that the General was striving to hide his violent agitation.

The Snake-Charmer had probably acquainted himself with the vehicle in which Cora, with two or three others were seated, for he walked straight to that, and thrust his head within.

"Dowlah!" exclaimed the surprised lady in low, but pleased voice, "I am glad to see you."

"I am sorry to see you here,"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"General Wheeler has done wrong; he ought not to have surrendered."

"But there was no help for it; he could not hold out any longer."

"Then he ought to have died fighting. Could I have arrived sooner, he should not have yielded."

"But Nana Sahib has promised to send us all to Allahabad."

The Snake-Charmer was about to make some reply when his cat-like vigilance warned him that some one was near, and in the most natural manner possible he added:

"Your sail down the river will be pleasant. The current is strong and swift, and it is cooler than upon land. It will not take long to reach Allahabad."

"How far away is it?"

"One hundred and forty-three miles by the river; you can make the journey in three or four days in the boats."

And General Hawlock is stationed there, and we shall obtain rest. I am told that these people have been twenty-two days in the entrenchments."

Yes, they fought well; but they had to succumb to Nana Sahib, and all the English in India must soon bow to the King of Delhi."

This was uttered in a louder voice than usual, and was palpably intended for the ear of the other Sepoy, who had approached the carriage. A moment later his footsteps were heard as he moved away again.

It was then the Snake-Charmer spoke, in a quick, husky whisper:

"When you get upon the boats keep out of range of the guns upon the shore."

"What do you mean?" asked the horrified girl.

"I mean that you are betrayed!" replied Dowlah, as he hastily withdrew.

CHAPTER XVI.

"TRUST NOT THE MAHARATTA."

At the foot of the steps leading down from the Nana Sahib boats, which, under charge of native boatmen, came up in turn to receive their passengers.

Into the first were placed a number of sick and wounded, when it dropped down the shore a few rods, where it was held at rest while the others were receiving their human cargo. This was continued until the whole seventeen had the Cawnpore defenders upon them; not one of the entire number who had come on that morning was left behind. At this juncture they all lay along the shore in a line, ready to start on their voyage down the Ganges to Allahabad.

The boats furnished on this occasion bore some resemblance to the ordinary yachts of the present day, except that they were more elaborate in their ornamentations and were much more awkward and clumsy in their movements. Each was furnished with a single mast near the centre, with a broad square sail.

Everything being in readiness, the boats began moving off, when several Sepoys upon the shore called to the native boatmen to land and receive their pay. They instantly leaped from each vessel, and as they did so, shoved the boats clear of the bank, up which they hurriedly ran. Letting their English captives, and their muskets, took off their coats, and began working with the poles and oars.

At this instant, two guns, that had

been masked near the steps, were run out, and opened fire upon the boats, while the Sepoys came rushing towards the spot, firing their muskets at the defenceless fugitives, who were thrown into the wildest panic by the perilous attack.

Most of the men leaped out of the rear boats, and attempted to swim to those that had already started down stream; and as some hurriedly above river bank, picked off by the marksmen upon shore. The guns continued to pour discharges of grape into the vessels, several of which, loaded with the wounded and helpless, were set on fire.

The cavalry followed along the banks, and rode their horses out into the river, where they used their revolvers and swords upon the miserable wretches who were frantically struggling there. Some of the cooler of the soldiers did their utmost to work their boats to the opposite bank of the river, but it seemed as if fate was against them.

A number of Sepoys of the Seventeenth Native Regiment, who had mutinied at Aizimghur a few days before, were straggling through this neighborhood, on the other side of the Ganges, when they heard the sound of the firing, and as some hurriedly above river bank, picked off by the marksmen upon shore. The boats touched land, and the fugitives were about leaping out. All the boats, then, with the exception of two, were captured and turned back. Some twenty soldiers, who had jumped into the river and succeeded in escaping the storm of bullets, reached the opposite shore, and were hurrying up the bank when they were charged upon by a number of troopers of the Oude cavalry, and all massacred.

About four hundred and fifty embarked in these boats; a large portion were killed in the attack, while the others were brought back to the ghat. Here they were landed, and the Sepoys standing around poured volley after volley in upon them, until all the men were shot down. The women and children, many of whom were wounded, were spared, as it was stated, to be held as hostages.

From the presence of the massacre of their relatives they were conducted to the Subada Kothar, a house formerly belonging to the medical department of the European troops, into which they were huddled together, where they were left days with neither food nor drink except a small quantity of parched grain and water.

When General Wheeler comprehended the treacherous attack, he and several soldiers used the poles, and headless of shouts, shrieks and groans, continued steadily at work. Several were stricken down, suffering unbearable agony from their wounds, leaped overboard and were drowned.

In this boat were Cora Wilson, the wife and three daughters of General Wheeler, and some half a dozen females besides. Remembering the warning of Dowlah, most of them clustered together in the bottom of the boat, so that nearly all the bullets passed over them. The men wrought desperately in the hope that the fierceness of the attack would diminish, and they would be permitted to continue their journey unmolested; but a swarm of Sepoys followed along the banks continually firing, and a number waded into the water as if they meant to swim out.

Still to pause or to cease labor was certain death, and the men felt that they must be shot down than captured. General Wheeler forgot his wound and toiled like a giant, while the terror-stricken women and children, huddled in the bottom of the vessel, could only wait in mute terror the last act of what bid fair to be the final scene of all.

Looking back up the Ganges a terrible scene presented itself. On the bank, above the steps, the two cannons could be seen, still booming away at the doomed vessels, while fully a thousand Sepoys were dashing and dancing along the shore, swinging their arms aloft and firing their guns continually. Three of the vessels were in flames, drifting helplessly down stream. Men could be heard shouting, swearing and praying in their last agony. A number of wet, dragging wretches were seen crawling up the banks, where the rebel cavalry appeared, leaving their skulls with their scimitars.

Here, every where, the heads of men could be seen floating upon the water, as they frantically struggled to get beyond reach of the bullets; and women, not knowing how to swim, blindly fought to keep afloat, and finding it impossible, went down; many of them leading their infants above their heads.

"Father! father! here they come," suddenly exclaimed the younger daughter of the general, "they are climbing into the boat!"

As she spoke, the dark faces of several Sepoys suddenly appeared above the gunwale, as they struggled to get in among the females; their long black hair hanging over their gleaming eyes, made them as frightful looking objects as it is possible to imagine. Three of them carried long, gleaming knives, which they were in the act of using when General Wheeler and several of his companions turned upon them.

Nana Sahib had permitted the officers and soldiers to carry their personal arms, and there was something peculiarly enjoyable in the manner in which General Wheeler and one of his officers shot down these swarthy fiends. Crack, crack, crack, just three shots, and every one of them tumbled back into the water, and experienced something of the dying anguish which they had helped to inflict upon so many innocent and helpless ones.

The other boat was a considerable distance in advance; these were the only two remaining uncaptured, and, as may be believed, the Sepoys strove as hard to prevent their getting away as they, themselves, did to place their vessels beyond all danger.

By the time these two boats had gone a couple of miles, every man who had embarked in the fifteen other boats, whether wounded or well, had been shot or cut to death. All those still living of the garrison of Cawnpore were in the two that were running the gauntlet, with such little prospect of reaching the goal in safety.

After passing some distance down the Ganges, the river became quite tortuous, and the two boats that had escaped thus far lost sight of each other; but as they were incapable of mutual assistance, it made no difference, and those in each boat had their hands full without looking

beyond the Sepoys, who seemed to be upon every bank.

By this time the number of prisoners had so diminished that the overworked men secured by turns a brief rest. They were still anxious to get forward, but were too exhausted to put forth any effort for some time to come. Late in the afternoon, there was so much suffering among these fugitives that by General Wheeler's direction they ran into shore, with the intention of resting until morning.

This advice was given after each had carefully scrutinized both banks, and failed to detect the slightest sign of danger; but they had scarcely landed, when a number of men sprang up from the bushes along shore, and captured the whole party, at a place near Janjina. They had struggled with almost superhuman endurance, only to be betrayed at the last moment, and had they the will and the wish to struggle further, they were physically unable to do so; it was certain from General Wheeler's appearance that he could live but a little while longer, and several others of the bravest seemed ready to expire.

Within three days from the time of this capture the party were taken back to Cawnpore, when every living man was put to death, while the females joined the other sufferers in the loathsome Subada Kothar.

CHAPTER XVII.

The night comes down with an angry dawn,
And the fierce wind shrills on the lonely shore;
Look back—on the lights in the distant town;
Look back—on the dreary waste before.

Before resuming the thread of our personal narrative, we must give the history of the other boat which escaped some distance from Cawnpore during the general panic which marked the attack of the mutineers upon the fugitives.

The moving spirit of this vessel was Lieutenant Delafosse, who will be remembered as the officer that extinguished the burning ammunition wagons in the entrenchments, at the time there was such imminent danger of all being blown up. He preserved his coolness amid these renewed dangers, and directed his whole attention to getting his boat as far from the shore, and as rapidly down stream as possible. Fortunately he had half a dozen fellows as cool and daring as himself, and they were making good progress, when two of the boats near them were swamped, and a number of the survivors clambered into theirs. They could not refuse them admission, although self defence would permit it, but they helped all in that they could, and worked harder than ever.

"Never say die," cried the lieutenant, as they resumed their labors, "we have had a taste of hell for the last fortnight, and we can stand it a little longer. If I'm shot and lurch overboard, don't stop to pick me up. Just work ahead."

"That's the talk," replied a comrade, who liked the true grit of the remark. "I'd rather, by a long shot, be killed by the devil while I am at work here, than to sit down and let them gobble us up, as they're doing with the others."

"You're right," said the lieutenant, "let's work with a will, and there's still a chance to get out again with whole skins."

In spite of the cheering words of this brave officer, it looked very much as if none would escape the vigorous pursuit of the Sepoys. In less than two miles half of those in the boat were either killed or wounded, and the mutineers kept following them throughout the entire day. They did not fire so continuously, as they seemed to be satisfied all would fall into their hands eventually, when they could kill them in whatever form their fancy might suggest.

Those that were dead were rolled overboard, and their numbers were such that the buoyancy and speed of the boat were materially increased thereby. Several were in favor of making a cautious landing as soon as it should become dark, but Delafosse saw that such an attempt would be more fatal in their case than it proved with General Wheeler, for the latter and his brother officers were saved from immediate death by the presence of the women, while with the other, as they had no females in their party, instant death would follow capture. Furthermore, in case they should land and remain concealed until the morning, they would then be hunted down with as much certainty as if a pack of bloodhounds were placed upon their trail.

Beside all this it was nearly impossible to effect a landing without discovery; the night was clear and moonlit, the infantry kept up a constant watch, and, as if they were afraid their presence would be forgotten, at intervals of a few minutes, sent a volley in the direction of the dark boat that was drifting down the middle of the Ganges.

"It's likely the current runs so fast," said Delafosse, as he proceeded to help himself and some of his friends to lunch with as much coolness as if he were in the mess house at Calcutta, "that there isn't so much need of our tugging away at the oars. All we have to do is to make sure that we don't run aground, or some of those gentry don't slip out to us and gobble us up, boats and all. What a set of fools they are, anyway. They have fired a thousand shots into us, today, and they still keep at us, till it's enough to make a gentleman swear. But look! did you see that?"

Then stand to your guns, ready!
We drink your commander's eyes!
One cup to the dead, and one to the living!
March to the front that day!

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Isolated from the land we seek,
When the brightest eyes were before us,
And the darkest eyes were behind,
March to the front that day!"

"The all we have left to prize!
One cup to the dead, and one to the living!
March to the front that day!"

When the lunch, if such it may be termed, was finished, a number produced their pipes and proceeded to light and smoke them, with the same apparent indifference as if seated by their own fireside in merry England, thousands of miles away. But the soldiers were not as indifferent nor reckless as they seemed to be. They had taken every precaution possible to protect themselves from the bullets that continued to fall about them; and they succeeded, after some difficulty, in providing quite an ingenious and effective shelter against the musketry of the mutineers.

And thus drifting down the Ganges, with the merciless watches watching with the most vigilance, the first chance to shoot their lives away, the little band of English soldiers, with the old song that they sang so often in the Cawnpore entrenchments, "Annie Laurie."

There was something in the time and surroundings so impressive in this performance, and at the same time so characteristic, that the Sepoys themselves were struck, and the firing almost instantly ceased until the song was finished, when a spiteful volley was sent in, as if to make amends for the time lost.

Thus the long summer night wore away, and the morning dawned with the men quite hopeful of ultimate escape. They were too old campaigners not to use all the senses at their command, and thus it was that just at daybreak they saw a large gun upon the bank near Nanafigh, the gunners evidently waiting for them, with the infantry still following on both sides, nothing remained except to run the gauntlet, and this they did with the same coolness and courage that had characterized them all through their trying ordeal; the balls flew wide of the mark, and they proceeded on their way, with the infantry still following and firing.

Thus the second day and a greater part of the night passed away, and everything promised well for a safe deliverance, when to their dismay, in rounding a bend in the river, their bounding around, before they remained so deeply in the mud that it was impossible to remove it. Directly any one got into the water, they were fired upon and shot down at once.

"Let's charge them, boys!" exclaimed Lieutenant Delafosse, and fourteen of the men dashed through the water and up the bank after the Sepoys, who scattered pell mell in every direction. In their impetuosity the men followed them too far, and found their retreat to the river cut off, so that they in turn were compelled to retire to avoid being surrounded.

Approaching the river by a detour a mile further down, they found still a large force in front. Whereupon they fired a volley into them, and rushed for a temple standing near by, with the rebels in pursuit. The latter succeeded in killing one and wounding another, before they secured the shelter of the temple, where the lieutenant and his men supposed they were safe for the present.

Within the temple, they stationed themselves near the door and fired upon every mutineer who showed himself. After this had continued some time, the Sepoys seemed to comprehend that there was but one way in which to dislodge the hated English. They gathered a large quantity of wood, which was heaped up all around the temple, and fired.

This was more than the fugitives had counted upon, and it looked very much as if they were caught in a fatal trap. They stood where they were until almost strangled with the smoke; they gathered together, made a dash through the fire itself, and reached outside without losing one of their number.

There were too many of the howling wretches around to think of remaining to fight, and the whole dozen ran with might and main for the river, with the entire horde chasing and firing into them. Five were killed, so that only seven succeeded in plunging into the water, and these had swam but a short distance when two more were shot; the artillerymen kept wading into the river and firing at them from the bank, but they proved such miserable marksmen that no further serious injury was inflicted.

This fusillade was kept up for two or three miles, when one of the fugitives became so wearied that he turned upon his back to swim in that fashion, and before any one noticed the direction he was taking, he had gone so close to the shore that he was killed.

The four soldiers who were left, continued floating and swimming down the river for several miles further, when the firing suddenly ceased and the Sepoys withdrew, perhaps with their ammunition exhausted. While the poor fellows were debating whether to land or continue further, some natives approached from the Gude side and called to them to land, promising protection. Unable to continue further, the four men struggled ashore and gave themselves up.

They were taken six miles inland to a rajah, friendly to the English, who gave them food and treated them with the greatest kindness. On the last day of July the four started for Allahabad, but had gone only ten miles when they encountered a detachment of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, which they joined and returned to Cawnpore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Then only
In faith on him, and then shall never find
Hope disappointed, or reliance vain.
—Cæsar.

The second act of the dark Cawnpore tragedy is close at hand. Officers and soldiers had all been cut down with the sword or shot while fighting for life against overwhelming numbers, and the women and children, numbering something over two hundred, were crowded into a small building, formerly attached to the medical department of the European troops, and which was known by the name of Subada Kothee.

Here they were allowed to remain several days, suffering intensely from wounds, sickness, heat, thirst and lack of food. It seemed to be the wish of Nana Sahib to slay all of these, but there is reason to believe that he was actuated by several motives in sparing their lives. In the first place, he knew that the old

king of Delhi would prefer that none but the males should be slain, and the Rajah was very desirous of gaining his good opinion. Then he was well aware that the crime which he had committed was such as to insure him the most terrible retribution in case he should be driven to the wall by the English, and he saw that with these females held as hostages, it would be an easy matter to compel his conquerors to spare his life; and lastly, there were many comely women among the group, whom he was desirous of keeping for himself and favorite courtiers.

"Where is this to end?" Cora Wilson asked herself, as she sat wearily, helplessly, and wretched, in one corner of the dimly lighted Subada Kothee, looking out upon the miserable group around her.

Several days had passed since the massacre in the boats, and the days that she had lived in Cawnpore were like the memory of some horrible dream.

"Can it be that I am still in the possession of my mind?" she said, really doubting whether or not her reason still retained its throne.

"I am sure that that long, delightful voyage in the Nautilus, with darling Ned; those promenades along the deck, with the soft moonlight shining down upon us, and the face of the ocean like a mirror—I am sure that that is all reality. And then our parting in Calcutta, oh! how I wish that were not real, but some unpleasant dream from which I might soon awake; then the long, wretched ride, by car and boat and carriage, until the Snake-Charmer left me within the Cawnpore entrenchments, just as they were about the eve of surrendering."

"How the later, and more awful vision creeps upon me," she added, in a hushed, awe-stricken whisper. "The surrender, the mile and a half ride from the entrenchments to the steps on the banks of the Ganges, with the elephants, Sepoys and the soldiers accompanying us, the embarkation, the treacherous attack, the burning boats, the struggling and fighting and dying in the water, our own recapture and return to this terrible place; the shooting of the brave General Wheeler, and all the men who were with us, our incarceration here—all these make up a picture and experience such as might well unsettle the reason of any one."

"It is a hard dispensation," she continued, looking around the room; "it would seem that the cup of our misery is full to overflowing. There sits Miss Wheeler, all alone—father, mother and two sisters dead within the last two days. Yet why should I murmur, when I look upon her, or upon those others, who have lost husbands, brothers, children by the cruelty of these heartless, terrible people. Think it over that I am alone here, with not even dear Ned in danger; but if I could see him long enough to bid him good-bye, I could die content."

They received better treatment than heretofore, but a general impression prevailed that the only emergence from this place would be through the Shadowy Valley. It could not be expected that the majority, after enduring such suffering and personal affliction in the death of so many of their relatives, could have desired much else.

As the mind of Cora Wilson gradually recovered its wonted tone she found herself continually debating whether there was not some means of escape at command. She knew well enough that alone and unaided she could accomplish nothing. But where was Dowlah? Was he powerless to befriend her? Could not his ingenious mind devise some means of extricating her? Had he already ventured as far as his pledge to Captain Livingston required?

These were the questions which the girl constantly put to herself, and which she could only answer in a hopeless way. She believed he would come; she expected him, and she was not disappointed.

The unspeakably dreary days had worn by, and it was now near the close of the second week in July. The Subada Kothee was such a secure building that the only sentinels needed were one or two in front. These, of course, were charged at certain times, and whenever a new one came upon duty, Cora carefully scrutinized his countenance, in the hope that she might discover her friend, but she saw nothing of him, and was about to give up in despair, when one evening, just as it was growing dusk, her heart was thrilled by the sight of Dowlah, who, relieving the guard on duty, took his place.

It was, indeed, the Snake-Charmer, with a musket on his shoulder, pacing quietly back and forth, as though waiting the time when permission should be given to put every one of the helpless women and children to death.

Cora carefully picked her way among her companions until she had reached the rear as possible, when she paused and watched. The weather was so oppressively hot that they had been permitted to open the door.

Dowlah, pacing back and forth thus, came in full view every few seconds. For a time he did not look towards the prisoners, but acted as if he scorned to notice them. Finally Cora, who was intently watching his countenance, saw his dark eyes gleam furtively toward her as he passed in front of the open door.

"He is looking for me," was the thought which thrilled her bosom.

She was twenty feet distant, and they had been forbidden under penalty of death to venture nearer the door, but she overstepped the limit and pronounced in a cautious undertone the one word, "Dowlah."

The Snake-Charmer turned his eye, but not his head, and made not the slightest deviation in his gait. Slight as was the evidence, the girl was satisfied that he recognized the situation, and she anxiously awaited his next movement. The situation, in case he was making ready to open communication with her, was a peculiarly delicate one, as several Sepoys were lounging within a few feet of him, and he could see the slightest movement upon his part.

All at once the sentinel seemed to discover that one of the prisoners had ventured beyond the "dead-line," and suddenly drawing up his musket he took several quick steps towards her, holding the weapon scarcely a foot distant from her bosom as if he meant to run her through with the bayonet.

"By the Prophet, I would kill you, had not the Nana commanded that you should be kept to serve as one of his wives!"

king of Delhi would prefer that none but the males should be slain, and the Rajah was very desirous of gaining his good opinion. Then he was well aware that the crime which he had committed was such as to insure him the most terrible retribution in case he should be driven to the wall by the English, and he saw that with these females held as hostages, it would be an easy matter to compel his conquerors to spare his life; and lastly, there were many comely women among the group, whom he was desirous of keeping for himself and favorite courtiers.

CHASED BY TARTARS.

An Adventure in the Shan-Ting-Kiang.
BY BLUE JACKET.

It was during the year 1858 that the allied fleet lay at anchor off the Taku forts. Tien-Tsin had been occupied and an entrenched camp formed on the river, the force in the meanwhile waiting impatiently for negotiations to be brought to a termination.

The only man-of-war flying the stars and stripes on the station had been ordered to join the fleet, not with the intention of engaging in active operations, but simply to watch the movements and further the purpose of the allies.

It was anything but pleasant lying off the desolate coast, where tonight but muddy water, reedy fields and occasional bands of armed braves (Chinamen) could be seen. The daily routine of duty became a bore, officers and men moved about the deck with a listless air, but nothing occurred to break up the monotony which preyed heavily upon all.

Tempered by the myriad numbers of wild duck, yellow-legged partridges and innumerable wild fowl, Jack Reed, the paymaster, accompanied by Royal Lemar, the junior lieutenant of the American sloop-of-war, left the ship one morning at daylight to engage in a day's sport.

They had been warned by the first lieutenant to keep their weather eyes open and steer clear of the Imperial soldiers.

"The long-tailed scamps know no difference between the allies and the natives, who bestow a kick upon them whenever an opportunity occurs. It has stirred up all their bad blood, and I tell you, boys, if you value your figure-heads do not go beyond the sound of the ship's bell."

The first lieutenant had been on the station for a number of years, and had come in contact with the natives on more than one occasion, and, consequently, was well posted in the treacherous, cunning habits of the Celestials.

Armed with double-barreled guns, the two friends took possession of the dingy, a light, fast-pulling boat, and before the mists of early morn had rolled away they were pulling up the muddy waters of the Shan-Ting-Kiang, a small tributary of the Tien-Tsin River.

The excitement of the sport, the novelty of new scenes and objects of interest effectually banished from the minds of the young men the words of caution volunteered by the old gray haired executive.

Royal was pulling the boat, which although provided with a mast and sail, could not be used for the lack of wind. The current was running swiftly against them, and they were obliged to make in order to avoid rocks, sand bars and shoals which appeared to spring up on every side. The pent-up waters of the tributary rushed furiously along, casting showers of spray on high, compelling the paymaster to exercise the utmost skill to steer clear of the dangerous obstacles.

Sheering alongside the bank, the boat was made fast to the trunk of a large tree overhanging the river. Exhausted with the violence of his exertions, the lieutenant declined to pull further up the stream.

"It is too hard work, Jack, using those sculls upon my word it is. What do you say to a ramble ashore? I see a pile of old ruins across the plain yonder. Perhaps it may be of interest to overhaul them. What do you say?"

"Anything, Lemar, to pass away time."

Shouldering their light sporting guns, they were soon en route for the remains of what once had been an ancient temple. The soil over which they were obliged to traverse was sticky and treacherous. Wild serge grass grew in detached clumps, and bunches of coarse rushes encumbered the wet, soggy ground. As they gained the more elevated land upon which the temple had been built, the earth became hard, firm and unyielding.

Leaping over the debris of stones and decayed woodwork, they penetrated to the innermost recesses of the quaint old relic of a bygone age. Suddenly a cry of alarm from Jack, followed by:

"Run for your life, Lemar, to the boat, the Imps are coming!"

The lieutenant, who had been reposing his tired limbs on a little spot of grass, started up, jumped hastily to his feet, glanced over the broad level country, when a party of vicious looking Tartars, mounted on rugged little ponies, burst suddenly upon his startled vision. Their long spears were in rest, the heavy gongs were unsling, the rough, shaggy ponies had been urged into a gallop, and the party, uttering wild yells, bore rapidly down upon the ruins where the two officers were plainly revealed to their view.

"Come on, Jack, follow me; mind your helm and don't yaw about so as to part company, or mark my words, there will be a vacancy amongst the staff officers. Strike out for the boat, old fellow; a stern chase is always a long one, you know."

"But their ponies, Lemar; they will run us down at their leisure, and our bonds will bleach in your cursed marsh."

"No they won't, Jack. I don't propose to lose the number of my mess this time. Once we gain the marsh, we will make as good time as the ponies—the mud and mire will bother them."

Clinging desperately to their guns, the two friends darted along the high, dry ridge at the top of their speed, until they had gained a point nearly opposite the spot where the Tartars had left the dingy. Full three miles of soft, sedge land intervened between them and the bank of the river, while in the rear a dozen well armed soldiers were urging their ponies along at a furious gallop, all anxious to have the first blow at the "foreign devils."

The Tartars were forced to swerve from the course they had been pursuing, in order to avoid the somewhat formidable pile of ruins, thereby affording the two officers an opportunity to gain a good start. When the armed band reined up their tough little steeds on the edge of the marsh, their would-be victims were plunging steadily through the mud and water, their eyes fastened upon the distant trunk of the old tree.

A wild yell of rage and hate rang out on the cool air, echoing ominously in the ears of the sportsmen. A clatter and

clash was heard as the entire party urged their ponies into the marsh, the animals plunging furiously as they sank deep into the adhesive mud of the field.

The rapid bang! bang! of the gongs reverberated with a mullen roar along the surface of the country, while the sharp, shrill whistle of the balls made anything but pleasant music in the ears of the fleeing Europeans. The mud and water, together with grass and rushes, had been cut about them on all sides, but Chinamen are, at the best, poor marksmen, and no harm had as yet resulted from the furious fusillade brought to bear upon them.

It only served to accelerate their pace, while the Chinamen continued to waste their ammunition in hopes, probably, of bringing either one or the other down.

"They are gaining upon us, Lemar; it's no use. I cannot run another step. I'll stop here, make a stand, and fight it out."

"Hang to it, Jack; don't give up the ship. Another mile and we shall have gained the beach, and the sharp-eyed Chinamen, ever ready to seize the slightest advantage in their favor, would rush down the banks, deliver their fire at short range, and then beat a hasty retreat before the enraged paymaster could return the compliment."

"Shoot, you cowardly rascals!" he muttered; "I'll make you sing another song if once you come within range." But they were not disposed to risk their lives unnecessarily.

The sails of the dingy were already perforated with holes, the effect of the incessant fire kept up from the gongs, but fortunately the mast and sprit had not been injured by the flying bullets. A stream of blood trickling slowly from Lemar's hand caught Jack's eye, but the lieutenant declared it was nothing, although at the same time he experienced considerable pain in the left shoulder, which was rapidly stiffening.

"How far off are they now, Jack?" inquired the lieutenant, in a low voice. He could not turn his head for a moment from the bow of the boat. The river was white with foam, and rifts of spray were dashing high over the sunken rocks.

"They are just within musket range of us; and, by Heaven, they are about to fire!"

The report of the firearms was lost in a rattling peal of thunder, following close upon a vivid flash of lightning. A squall of wind and rain swept over the low, marshy country, while a thin, misty haze rolled along the surface of the river.

The channel now took an abrupt turn to the right, rushing furiously around the base of an immense rock which reared its huge sides from the bed of the stream. Between it and the shore, to the left, was a narrow passage, half obscured by the flying foam and white spray. The waters, lashed to fury, roared and mingled with the rattle of the thunder, as wave upon wave dashed through the contracted passage.

Lemar had let fly the sheet at the first puff of the squall, and with canvas streaming, torn and tattered before the gale the dingy was flying along under bare poles, heading straight for the hissing, foaming waters that were surging through the contracted channel.

Lemar had calculated the chances with the cool and practised eye of a seaman. If the boat could be forced inside the rock they would baffle the Chinamen and be safe under the guns of the allied camp, now looming through the mist and spray. If the main channel was pursued the Imps would be alongside of them in less than five minutes.

Jack turned pale as he noted the direction the boat was taking. Nothing but the danger behind them could have driven Lemar to undertake so rash a daring. Escape seemed impossible; but the chance, slender as it appeared to be, was far preferable to the fate which threatened them in the rear.

The gloom of the storm settled about the boat as it shot into the swell sweeping around the rock, the thunder pealed forth with deafening reverberations, while the bright glare of the lightning all but blinded the gallant sailor who clung to the tiller. His mouth was compressed, brows knitted and his dark eyes never wavered as the dingy rushed through the black foaming waters, disappearing from the astonished gaze of the discomfited Chinamen in a whirl of spray.

Jack had thrown himself along the thwart, clinging to the mast with all his strength, while the boat, half full of water, tossed wildly about, not unlike a cork.

The narrow gap was filled with surges in the heaviest swells. The rebounding foam blinded Lemar's eyes, as the dingy rose high as a feather on the crest of a roller, and shooting wildly forward, passed in safety through the terrible channel.

The frowning guns of the entrenched camp deterred the Imps from following up the chase. They had laid on their oars outside the rock, waiting for the result. A bowl of mingled rage and astonishment burst from their lips as they watched the dingy pushing safely out of the canopy of spray, with a simultaneous splash the long oars struck the water, and they disappeared in the direction from whence they had come.

The tall spars of the allied fleet loomed up through the murky atmosphere, swaying to and fro as the squall swept through the taut cordage. The trim top hamper of the American sloop-of-war was conspicuous, and to Lemar's eyes never looked handsomer as faint and exhausted he guided the dingy alongside.

The surgeon extracted the Chinese bullet, which Lemar preserved as a memento; the wound healed rapidly, but despite monotony and the dull routine of duty off the Taku forts, neither the paymaster nor Royal Lemar could ever be induced to participate in another gunning expedition.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.



(Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.)

ENIGMAS.

When twilight comes, and Nature's gloom
Invades your cosy sitting-room,
If you be there, and fancy free,
You soon will turn your thoughts to me.

At eve, when you go through the town,
The rain in torrents pouring down,
I clothe the pavement and the gutter,
So that vain words you need not mutter.

When night hath cast her shade o'er all,
And ghosts patrol each haunted hall,
And night birds flit from distant caverns,
I reign supreme in drinking-taverns.

Where'er fashion, youth and beauty
Perform their nocturnal duty
Of talking, flirting, dancing round,
Among them all I may be found.

I'm highly-prized by every nation,
Within the pale of civilization:
I am a beau with often a new flame;
Now pray, gentle guesser, what is my name?

Some people say I'm but an arm,
Though 'tis well known I've got a head;
I also have a great, big mouth
And body, but I've got no leg;
And yet, although a mouth I've got,
I never speak—so it is said;
As I have not got any teeth,
Therefore with soft food I am fed.

Sometimes I'm overfed, and then
Waste-places to bring forth are made;
But 'tis not always so, for then
Destruction far and wide I spread.
I'm very strong, and burthens are
By many people on me laid:
But when I'm vexed, men and their
loads.

By me are mingled with the dead,
Sometimes I have many mouths;
Sometimes I'm more than one head.
I am ever on the move,
Though I'm always in my bed.
I never saw a waiting-maid,
If you will wait till I pass by,
You will wait long, I am afraid.
I'm neither built by man or beast;
My bed makes me, I make my bed,
And surely now you will me name,
For of me sure you've heard or read.

CHARADES.

1. My first is a number; my second is part of the human body, and my whole is a flower.

2. My first is found in the earth; my second is a sort of mountain, and my whole is a great poet.

3. My first is part of a pine tree; my second is used in warfare; my third is what we all must do; my whole is a sort of liquor.

4. My first is what boys like to play with; my second is necessary to a knot; my third is what all want who are not satisfied; my whole is my native city.

5. My first is what you order a waiter to do to your empty goblet; my second is a part of speech; my third is a small valley; my fourth signifies contempt, and my whole is a large metropolis.

LITTLE ONE.

6. Is there among the fairest of earth's treasures,
So sweet, so fair a sight,
As my pure first, pursuing my pure pleasures,
With joyous heart and light?

Is there among us one oppressed with sorrow,
That does not humbly bless
That Providence that, with my next, the morrow
Hideth from his distress?

Is there among us one, subdued, retreating,
From the world's conflict vain,
Who would not barter all its prospects
For a quiet life again.

WORDS SQUARE.

1. A name for a small community;
2. This, I hope you'll never be;
3. A famous garden in olden days;
4. A verb that's used in various ways.

FORT TOTTER.

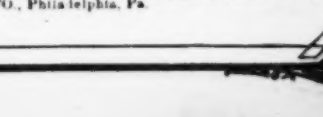
1. A division of time;
2. In Europe a river;
3. Of a far-away clime;
4. With this you won't shiver.

GAMER.

HIDDEN TREES.
1. Emma, please give me a peach.
2. I was watching Daniel making a box.
3. This is the final Monday of the month.
4. Did Nancy press my apron for me?
5. Mary has pinned her letter.
6. Mashed potatoes are a very good dish.

CONUNDRUMS.
1. Why are the fond glances a mother casts upon her baby like Turkish cavalry?
2. What is the difference between an overcoat and a baby?
(Answers to the above will be given in No. 13.)

Answers to "Our Own Spinx," No. 7, Vol. 54.
ENIGMA.—Take the Saturday Evening Post and pay for it.
RIDDLE.—Respectfully declined.
DOUBLE REBUS.—Rhode Island. In God we Hope.
DIAMOND PUZZLES:
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CHARADE.—Mat-rimony.
CONUNDRUM.—Because the younger they are, the sweeter they are!



THE DOUBLOIR

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to insure prompt attention, should be addressed to Editor, The Saturday Evening Post, New York.)

Very amusing accounts have reached us, through a late Paris letter, of the continued struggle for supremacy between the various dress artists concerning the leading style—whether it shall be "sweet simplicity" or elaborate ornamentation. The result arrived at will, we think, be a democratic form of government in Fashion's realm, hitherto so autocratic in her mandates. The taste of the individual will be brought into exercise, and first providing as a foundation, principle that crinoline be abandoned, or let it be so constructed in dimensions that its presence is scarcely perceptible, and in other matters one can wear anything one fancies and not be unfashionable. To our own taste, simplicity would always command itself as being, generally, most elegant; and yet even here one must be discriminating, for there are some who need the assistance of ornament to improve their appearance.

There is a great fancy for combining colors in costumes; sometimes apparently incongruous ones are so blended that in the variation of shade is so studied by artists, colorists—that very wonderful results are achieved. Let not the uninitiated attempt such combinations, however, or they might shrink in horror from their own handiwork when completed; or if able to bear complacently the sight themselves, let them think of their more sensitive friends.

Appropos of suits, we have seen a very new style for house wear which has not only the merit of being graceful, but also of being easily imitated. The under-dress was of fall silk, cut long and in what is known as the Princess—a modification of the Gabrielle-style, trimmed simply with ruche, eight inches wide, and bound on each side. They were set on in plaits, not gathered. The sleeves of this robe were full, gathered into the armholes and then caught in regular puffs by smaller ruche until just below the elbow, where they fell in a deep ruffle over the waist. The overdress of this costume was peculiar, yet charming in effect. It was of diagonal serge, all wool and coarse in texture. It was sleeveless and tight-fitting in front, opening over the corsage in heart shape. The back was laid at the neck in four large plaits, and then fell loose at each side; just under the arms was placed a small ruche about eight inches wide; these were loosely knotted half way down the back and the ends fringed out. The bottom of the skirt of this over-garment was edged with a narrow line of embroidery, which also continued up each side of the front breadth, and below this line was a half fringe of worsted to match the garment.

A pretty fashion for making silk suits is to have the front trimmed with two rows of small ruche, laid in fine plaits, while the back and sides have five alternately gathered and plaited; overskirt, pointed apron, long in front; bouque, enroule, shape and simply piped at the edge.

The silk striped gauze so popular for overdresses will be continued for wear late in the autumn, especially for house dresses.

Evening and dinner toilettes of white striped muslin, worn over black or mode-colored silk underskirts will be very fashionable. These toilettes are brightened with colored sashes and bows.

Cloaks are still long, comfortable cloaks, of many seasons gone by some even reach to the knees. The two models which have been seen were both cut sacque shape, buttoned down in front. One had a broad cape collar, lined with green and black, the other had a deep cape in front, cut pointed; this fell over the hands. Neither of these garments had sleeves. One was made of the heaviest cashmere, and was fur-bordered. The other was of black matisse silk, which our readers know is the new quilted fabric now imported for underskirts and overwraps. The cloaks fitted slightly into the figure.

There are also to be seen among the models for wraps many of cashmere and drap-d'ete, long, and heavily wrought in felt, blue or black, combined with embroidery. The blue felt will be considered more stylish than black, because newer. Black is given the preference now for cloaks, etc.; not the blue black of last season, but a deep jet black.

The English walking jacket is entirely out of vogue. All garments are cut high at the throat, and often a standing ruff of yak or gurgule lace finishes the cloak or cape.

Felt hats will be much worn this season. Some have tall, tapering crowns, others low, square ones. All have wide brims, and are not finished as formerly with a wire to keep them in place, nor are many bound. The felt rim is simply cut around, and the edge is left just as it is. It is considered stylish to keep the brim directly in front, fastening with a gray wing or tuft of feathers, or else a small cluster of roses. It is too pronounced a style to be safely adopted by many, and needs a youthful, pretty face beneath to carry it off well.

There are some attractive novelties in the form of the little outer pockets, pendant to the chateaux, which latter, by the way, seem to have taken a new lease of popularity. These pockets are sometimes covered with plates or scales of tortoise shell, or else oxidized silver, or nickel, just of whatever the belt buckle and chains, or even the belt itself may be composed.

Wooden buttons, with eyes, instead of shanks will be much used, and certainly are very sensible.

A pretty fancy for ribbon belts is to have a cluster of ribbon loops at the left side, and at the right a long ribbon which passes under the overskirt and fastens in the loop at the left, thus draping prettily the garment.

Birds for the hats and bonnets, are of all sizes, from the tiny "jeweled" humming-bird of the tropics, to the plump gulls and Virginia red birds. NIXON.

DOLLAR DIME.—Yes, there is a real fashion journal for the dollar. Could Anne be right. We can send you patterns if your ladyship desires. Ethel and Maud are very pretty names, and we admit your taste in so naming your "twins." Hope they may always be a comfort to their small mamma.

VIVIAN.—You can truly dye your "pale-tinted" locks, but we advise you not to begin, else you must always continue to do it; and one becomes so weary of such things. Leave your hair as nature gave it you. We have heard of lead combs darkening red hair; perhaps the effect might be similar upon light. No harm to try.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

BY T. A. F.

There is a tender spot in every heart—For hearts, thank God, are human—And the keys that unlock their inner courts Are held by those who know the human soul.

The feeble touch of a childish hand May a stalwart life be saving. And the strong word, saluted to all heads, Would bloom to bloom our lives.

The simplest prayer that was ever uttered By a child with its mother kneeling, When the shadows gather at eventide, Its way to the soul is feeling long.

'Twill clear a path through the mist without To the good that within is sleeping. Where the heart, "neath the burden of years of crime, Some remnant of heaven is keeping.

There are fingers so fragile as barely to keep Life's brittle thread from breaking; Yet in hearts that they open and hold as will The fairest of flowers are making.

If one soul that we move by our lightest touch, We were more of love bestowing, None would bloom to bloom our lives Where thistles and briars are growing.

The lowest hearts hold other hearts; To all are some keys belonging. And the spirit waits for the keeper's touch With an eager and tender longing.

A smile, a word, a kindly act, A prayer, though in weakness given, Will open the gates to Heaven.

THE LAST BULLET.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Ben Stanley was not the man to hesitate when his decision had been made. His rifle was loaded, his revolver in his case at his side and his trap slung upon his back, he started on his way. He had to go, and he was not to be deterred by the fact that he was alone. He had to go, and he was not to be deterred by the fact that he was alone.

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the main stream below. It was upon this stream he fixed his eye, and something told him that if he could follow that creek up the mountain he could find what he sought. But would he dare to cross the open valley in daylight? He knew that the Indians claimed this as their particular property, and that a lone white man's life was of little value to him if they found him on their hunting grounds. His mind was made up at last; whether he lived or died, he would make the attempt.

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mine, and hurried into a deep gully, where the sun never shone, and no one could find them. The horses were gone, with the exception of the two which he had taken, and these he concealed in the depths of the silent woods which lined the stream issuing from the main valley.

Then slinging his gun he marched away up the stream, on the search for gold. Time will show why it was that Ben Stanley had such luck in the Black Hills. There is a fund of riches in this region which only the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon race can bring to light, and that time is coming fast. Two weeks later, a man worn by fatigue rode into the nearest fort, mounted upon an Indian pony, and leading another with a pack upon his back, he seemed to be very heavy.

It was, indeed; for in that pack was hidden and fifty thousand dollars in nuggets, which he had taken from a single pocket in the depths of the Black Hills. Ben returned to Helena, and shortly after left with his little ward for the rich San Joaquin region, where he now lives, one of the most wealthy ranchers for miles around. And even to this day he delights in telling how much depended on that last bullet in the past of the Black Hills.

A THUNDERSTORM IN INDIA.

BY QUI H.

In the evening, after the going down of the sun, a terrible thunderstorm raged over the district through which I was traveling. A thunderstorm in America can give no idea of the lurid grandeur and fearful turmoil of the elements which are the characteristic of a thunderstorm here. The sun had set from out a cloudless sky, but as the twilight there grew up gradually a sulphurous bank in the northeast. At first there was no thunder, but from out this dark bank there perpetually flashed and streamed great glares of lurid light, which illuminated the whole face of the country. Then there sprang up a fierce north-west wind, which whirled across the flat in tremendous gusts, bearing dense clouds of dust and causing the forest trees to creak and sway violently.

The atmosphere grew first deadly chill, and then, as the wind died away all of a sudden and was succeeded by a stillness that made one's flesh creep, the air became unaccountably hot, with a withering dry heat that had a sulphurous smell in it, as if it had come drifting out of a volcano. The sky had gradually been becoming overcast with black clouds that had a strangely luminous copper-colored facing on them; and suddenly, without any lightning, all over the horizon the deep-voiced thunder crashed out into a mighty roll right overhead. My bearers dropped the palkee on the road and bolted straight for shelter. The flashes of lightning lit up their fugitive forms as they rushed across the rice fields, whither I knew not.

It was useless to pursue them—necesse, indeed, to do anything at all but remain in the palkee and take what might come. For half an hour at least there continued this unrelenting blast of lightning flashes, and this continual roar of thunder overhead. The cooled night air then wafted from the fields, the groves, and the jungles sweet fresh odors of fragrant flowers and leaves. You could hear the thirsty earth sucking in the moisture through its pores, with a kind of gurgle, such as water makes poured from a bottle. All nature awoke except my bearers. Hoards came and sniffed at the palkee, poking at its ventanillas with their noses in a manner not calculated to contribute to the equanimity of its occupant, who tried, unsuccessfully, to scare them away by luminating the interior with lucifer matches. I don't in the least know what the animals were, for I was not curious enough under the circumstances to open the flaps and reconnoiter; but I imagine they were leopards, which are very plentiful in the jungle of Bogra and Rangpur. At length, after about four hours' absence, my bearers returned in a highly affable and complacent mood.

As the storm passed, I became a ventriloquist, requiring natural capacity to imitate sounds in certain of my modulations. The ventriloquist, however, are said to have a peculiar formation of the organs of the voice, which enables them to produce these effects. Thus the faculty may be considered a special gift of nature, though it can, under certain conditions, be acquired by cultivation.

BROKEN HEART.—We can say nothing more than what we said before. We do not care to say anything more than what we said before. We do not care to say anything more than what we said before.

STUDENT.—If you love the young lady very dearly, and know the loves you as well as you love her, we cannot claim for you need ask us such questions, or worry yourself because she has been somewhat "sensible" and "sensible" towards you. As to what she may be doing in the way you described, we give it up. We were never smart in solving enigmas, and a young lady's heart is one which has always been too deep for us.

STUDENT.—If you are anxious to study history, we would recommend you to take up Prescott's "History of the United States." It is a book of reference when studying the two former histories. In reading, books of reference should be constantly at hand, and ground gone over with thoroughness first, and more rapidly afterwards. The book well read and digested is of more service in developing and furnishing the mind than a dozen superficially perused.

S. E. W.—We are sorry that we must decline answering your questions, as we have no time to do so. We are sorry that we must decline answering your questions, as we have no time to do so.

M. J. W.—You should never attempt to get rid of the dandruff in your head by means of a fine-tooth comb. The best method of freeing the head from dandruff is to wash it frequently with a solution of one ounce of borax, and one ounce of camphor, powder these ingredients and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water. When cool, the solution is ready for use. This should be rubbed well into the roots and the hair dampened thoroughly; then dry with a towel, and brush well with a soft brush. This wash not only effectively cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair and prevents its falling out.

SCRIPT (Arkansas).—You have no right to be visiting a young lady for over two years when you say you "like very much" and when you think, enjoys your company and reciprocates your feelings for her, and all the time to have no doing you have compromised the young lady in a measure, and if you have any real liking for her, as we have a suspicion that you have, we think you would be doing what is only right, and leave her free as she was careful to keep herself.

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WHEN we look down upon the earth we think of the past; when we look up to the sky we think of the future.

THE SUNDAY POST

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to insure prompt attention, should be addressed to Editor, The Sunday Post, New York.)

It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain a great deal of news, interesting and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

All communications must be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor, The Sunday Post, No. 72 Wall Street, Philadelphia.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pen or fancy ink.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pen or fancy ink.

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UPDATES.—The cables now being laid by the Great Eastern will make the fourth time in the possession of the Atlantic cable. The fifth time, the new cable will be laid from Ireland to Nova Scotia, it is understood, in complete. When the new cable is laid, there will be three lines between Ireland and Newfoundland; one between Ireland, Nova Scotia and the United States; and one between St. Pierre and the United States; one between Brazil and Portugal.

NOTE.—We can give you no information or counsel—how to suit gratification is a matter which you must settle for yourself. We will not be shown some affection for you before you make any attempt to win his love, and remember that the young man who is not content with being a gentleman and a scholar, but who is also a gentleman and a scholar, will be a gentleman and a scholar.

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